

# PEOPLE and THINGS: By ATTICUS

MANY foreigners, and some Englishmen, find it difficult to understand how the task of advising the Government on Ecclesiastical preferment can be entrusted to the hands of a semi-secular, civil servant. Invariably the answer is given that the system works, and the general praise that Sir Anthony Beyer has won during his fifteen years as Secretary for Appointments at 10, Downing Street, shows that there is much force in the reply.

Now Sir Anthony is retiring and Mr. David Stephens comes from a big, bare office in the Treasury to take his place. Before he leaves at the end of the year Sir Anthony Beyer will have been in the Ministry for the choice of a new Archbishop of York and a new Bishop of London. He has been in the Ministry for the choice of a new Archbishop of York and a new Bishop of London. He has been in the Ministry for the choice of a new Archbishop of York and a new Bishop of London.

## Clock and Dagger

Mr. Stephens, a "middle-of-the-road" churchman, with a penchant for cricket and the country, has never before been deeply concerned with church affairs. His sole contact with bishops as vicar came when he worked as Clerk in the House Lords after coming down from Christ Church.

The family links with Oxford and Winchester are strong. During the war he served with his fellow Wykehamist, Richard Crossman.

At the Psychological Warfare Executive. It was in those clock-and-dagger days that he first met the present Prime Minister.

At the Treasury Mr. Stephens has been primarily concerned with the handling of material back of balancing foreign trade and payments. Now he brings his breadth of mind and experience to the problem of maintaining an equitable balance between high and low on the bishop's bench.

## Ike's Pension

AS he is conversant on his farm at Oatleyburg, Pennsylvania, President Eisenhower will have to see some thought to his own financial future.

When he leaves the White House—and most observers will believe that he will not seek re-election—Mr. Eisenhower will be entitled to an army pension of £2,500 a year. He may receive another £2,500 a year if Congress passes a bill to establish a pension scheme for all ex-Presidents.

Although he is far from poor, Mr. Eisenhower will need the money. He has invested £120,000—the bulk of his fortune—in his farm. But this makes an annual loss of £20,000 or more. Some years of patient toil will be needed before the Eisenhower agricultural account begins to show a profit.

## Mr. Molotov Underground

TONIGHT at Geneva Mr. Molotov celebrates a memorable anniversary. Fifteen years ago he was giving dinner to

Ribbentrop in the Soviet Embassy in Berlin. At 9.45 p.m. the "Alets" sounded, and Ribbentrop and his guests were taken at once to the deep shelter of the Reich's Foreign Ministry.

As Sir Winston Churchill commented, "We had no word of the conference beforehand, and though not invited to join in the discussion, did not wish to be left entirely out of the proceedings." The two Ministers were kept in the dark for several hours by British bombers.

Blain had assumed that the Allies were in the hands of the conference and that it was better to have a Nazi in Hitler's boot than to have a Nazi in Hitler's boot than to have a Nazi in Hitler's boot.

After that little air raid on Berlin the Russians began to have more suspicion of Hitler and less contempt for the West.

## New Walton Music

SIR WILLIAM WALTON, just returned from the United States, where his opera "Troilus and Cressida" has been enthusiastically received in New York, San Francisco, and Los Angeles, is to conduct on Wednesday a programme of his own music for the Royal Philharmonic Society at Festival Hall—the first occasion on which he has conducted a complete concert here.

Next week he receives a degree from London University in his sixth honorary degree.

With his first opera behind him, Sir William is looking ahead. He admits to a new calm concerto which will be ready for Plaisiorgue in a year. A new opera and a new ballet are hatched, but the librettist, Christopher Hassall, and the choreographer, Frederick Ashton, await inspiration for subject. Now Liverpool has commissioned a second symphony without imposing the husband's bench. Sir William will be busy.

## Forsyte in Bouverie St.

"PUNCH" is, in many senses than one, a family affair; and when I heard that Mr. Alan Ayres is shortly to hand over his managing directorship to his son, Mr. Peter Ayres, I went down to Bouverie Street, penetrated the darkening halls of the "Punch" office, and was shown into the eminently Oakesworthian sanctum of the man who owns the second most important humorous magazine in the world.

(Second?) The audited circulation of "Punch" in August last was 149,936 and, at the same time, that of the "New Yorker" was 776,853.)

## Ayres' Cousins

THE Ayres have controlled the fortunes of "Punch" for nearly a hundred years, and Mr. Peter Ayres has learnt the business with Victorian thoroughness; but there is nothing Victorian about his father's residence, more into the modernism of the twentieth century. These are

Forsytes whose saga is far from complete.

I had never realised how close was the kinship that links the Ayres of Bouverie Street to their namesakes in Old Bond Street, who have long been among London's most distinguished art dealers. The drawings in the one set of others could hang in the other and not be disgraced. Moreover, the publishing branch of the family is bent on upholding the important though unassertive role of "Punch" in the history of English draughtsmanship.

## New Lord Mallard

IF you had passed down Oxford's Galle Street on Saturday evening a week ago you might have wondered what on earth were the

holsters and far from academic dress, but bearing the ancient grey stones of All Souls. You were hearing the Fellows and quondam Fellows of the College, at their annual gaily on the Saturday night after All Souls' day, singing the Chorus of the ancient Mallard song:

Oh, by the blood of King Edward!

Oh, by the blood of King Edward!

It was a swapping, swapping mallard.

And the singer of this strange ballad was a new Lord Mallard, the College's master of gravities, billing the place of the late Sir Douglas Malcolm, who twenty-seven years ago followed in the office of Archbishop Lang. When Lang was

translated to Canterbury he had to vacate this dearly-beloved role on thus becoming ex-officio the College's Visitor. The latest in this eminent succession is no less a person than Lord Somervell.

## "Painted Ladies"

MR. Salmon started a correspondence with a Lowestoft kipper expert who knows one of the few experts in Britain still smoking the herrings of "It was smoked a hundred years ago."

Night-long smoking over smouldering fires of oak dust went on with the first world war. The insinuation of dry during the essential period in brine made the fish look brighter and juicier, cut reduced the period in smoke, cut

down costs and created the "painted ladies" which is the kippers' name for the modern kipper.

Quite persuaded, I purchased a box of authentic kippers from the staunch curer, and I can indeed confirm that they are a dish for the breakfast epicure.

To those who would like to share my discovery of the real kipper, I will send the address of the Lowestoft curer on receipt of a stamped and addressed envelope.

## Traitor's Plate

THESE are an echo of treason and a warning to all in hereditary plate which has just been acquired by the Dean and Chapter of St. George's Chapel, Windsor. It is the Garter plate of Thomas

Howard, Earl Marshal and Lord High Steward of Norfolk, which was torn down in the reign of Elizabeth I and is now to be replaced in the Chapel.

Thomas Howard contemplated marriage with Mary Queen of Scots and was involved in the Ridolfi plot to overthrow Queen Elizabeth. He was degraded from the Order in 1571 and his estates were forfeited. In those days it was the custom for the plates of degraded knights to be ceremoniously torn down by Garter King of Arms, and the corners of this plate are bent as if it had been removed by force.

It was found among the antiquities collected by the late Dr. Philip Wilson of Liverpool. The great Garter plate of Thomas

which may begin at 4 a.m. with a long session of copying scores.

## Derisory Royalties

Mr. Fricker is luckier than most of the 160 members of the Composers' Guild, for, ever since he won the Koussevitzky Prize with his First Symphony in 1945, he has always been able to work with a particular performance in view. His life is spent in preparing for the B.B.C. a ninety-minute version of a French medieval legend.

But composers have not shared in the new prosperity which orchestral musicians, for instance, now enjoy. Their lot remains laborious and obscure, with teaching. Mr. Fricker, his Director of Music at Manchester, as the best method of augmenting royalties, is then derisory.

## An Embassy Mystery

WE seem to be no nearer a solution of that minor Foreign Office mystery, the case of the Casagrande portrait. Two years ago a fine portrait of Lord Casagrande was sent to our Embassy in Montevideo at the request of the Ambassador.

Since then certain cynics have maintained that the Ambassador really meant to ask for a portrait of Lord Casagrande, the Foreign Minister who boasted that he had called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old. So far intensive research has failed to reveal any close connection between Casagrande and that best of South America, Castling, however, is a local hero.

Now a fresh parliamentary question on the subject has given Mr. Herbert a chance to make the most enigmatic minister reply at the week: "I understand that the portrait has been very well received in Montevideo." The great Lord Casagrande has been dead for some time.

## Mikemanship

FOLLOWING the Burgess and Maclean denials the Communists take a serious view of the evil of spying in London. Our Foreign Office has received a lettered protest from an Argentine Ambassador who claimed that he had found microphones hidden in his own quarters. He also claimed that he had found microphones concealed in the Embassy. These had been found a few weeks before the Argentine Ambassador moved to the Brompton Road, by a member of the Ambassador's own Communist entourage.